

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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CRASHING

by

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INT: A SPACIOUS LOFT APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING

The early morning is brilliantly blue as little streamers of sunlight begin to peak through the windows of a nice, open loft and JENNA a twenty-something redhead sits at her kitchen counter and writes furiously on a piece of paper. Soon she finishes, collects dozens more pages and throws them into an envelope. She walks over to her bed where CHRISTOPHER is sound asleep. He is a good-looking, athletic young man who sports a bronze tan, a little scruff on the face and messy brown hair. He is what you would probably call a surfer type even if he doesn't surf. Which he does, but I'm just saying. Anyway. JENNA picks some clothes up from the floor, old, well-worn jeans and a black T and throws them at CHRISTOPHER.

JENNA

Get up.

CHRISTOPHER

What time is it?

JENNA

Time to go.

CHRISTOPHER

That doesn't sound quite right.

JENNA

We're done.

CHRISTOPHER fumbles around on the nightstand looking for his watch, he finds it and looks at it.

CHRISTOPHER

We're done? At 7:30 on a Sunday morning?

JENNA

I've written everything I needed to say to you in this letter.

JENNA throws the letter at him.

CHRISTOPHER gets up, puts his clothes on and picks up the letter.

CHRISTOPHER
This is everything you need to say
to me?

JENNA
Yes. Now, please..

CHRISTOPHER
Fair enough.

CHRISTOPHER walks out the door, down a flight of stairs and onto the street.

EXT: THE STREET. CONTINUOUS

Here he pauses, puts a cigarette in his mouth, takes out his lighter, sets the unopened letter on fire and uses it to light his cigarette.

He walks a bit further down the street still holding the burning letter until he sees a SHOP OWNER hosing down the sidewalk in front of his storefront.

CHRISTOPHER holds up the burning letter.

CHRISTOPHER
You mind?

SHOP OWNER sprays down the letter.

CHRISTOPHER
Thanks.

SHOP OWNER then sprays CHRISTOPHER in the face, putting out the cigarette and just generally wetting the crap out of him. CHRISTOPHER stares blank faced at SHOP OWNER for a few beats in an "I'm not entirely sure that was necessary" kind of way.

CHRISTOPHER
(deadpan)
Awesome
(lighting another
cigarette)
You coming out today?

SHOP OWNER
It's January.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah, but the waves are gonna be
sic.

SHOP OWNER
You see a report?

CHRISTOPHER
(scooting away briskly)
I can feel it, sir. It's in the
air.

SHOP OWNER
Take it easy, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
(smiling slyly)
Always.

CHRISTOPHER tosses the letter in a trashcan and walks a bit more till he sees a coffee shop, the camera stays outside as he pops in and out, now carrying a newspaper, two coffees and bag presumably filled with breakfast foods of some kind. Pastries.

CHRISTOPHER walks a bit more till he comes to another apartment building and enters.

INT: ANOTHER APARTMENT: CONTINUOUS

He walks up and knocks. ZELDA answers the door with an artists paintbrush in hand. She is a stunning blonde whose name is, clearly, a sign that I've been playing too many video games lately. She wears an old band shirt, the Counting Crows if you can pull it off, lightly spattered with paint and leans on the door in a playful kind of way. Coyly blocking an entrance.

ZELDA
Hey.

CHRISTOPHER
I've got coffee. I've got
crullers. And..the Sunday times
crossword.

ZELDA
Get in here.

CHRISTOPHER walks in with her but we stay out in the hall. Only seconds later CHRISTOPHER gets thrown out the door violently.

CHRISTOPHER
Okay, so that's a "no."

A coffee cup flies out the door, hits CHRISTOPHER and splatters all over him as the door slams.

CHRISTOPHER
Well that's very hot.
(loudly after a beat)
Enjoy the crossword.

CHRISTOPHER walks out. He walks down the street a little more till he comes to yet another apartment complex. He walks in, takes out his keys, unlocks a door and goes inside a small flat.

Still standing in the doorway he sees that RACHAEL, yet another beauty, is standing with JENNA in the living room.

RACHAEL
(scorned)
Hi honey.

JENNA
(scorned-er)
Hi honey.

CHRISTOPHER raises his hand, index finger out, as if he's going to say something, switches gears and, with a look of slight pain puts his hand to his mouth and then, without a word, just turns and walks out the door.

Outside he unlocks a car, probably his, takes out a surf board and walks across the street to the beach where he sits on the sand and stares out at the ocean. Soon he's approached by KELLY, a classic beauty of a brunette. The fairest of them all.

KELLY
Excuse me. Can you tell me, is the tide coming in or going out?

CHRISTOPHER
I don't know. But if we sit here long enough I bet we can figure it out.

CHRISTOPHER smiles warmly and, after half a beat, KELLY returns the smile.

KELLY
All right.

KELLY sits and they stare out at the ocean together as we fade to...

-End-